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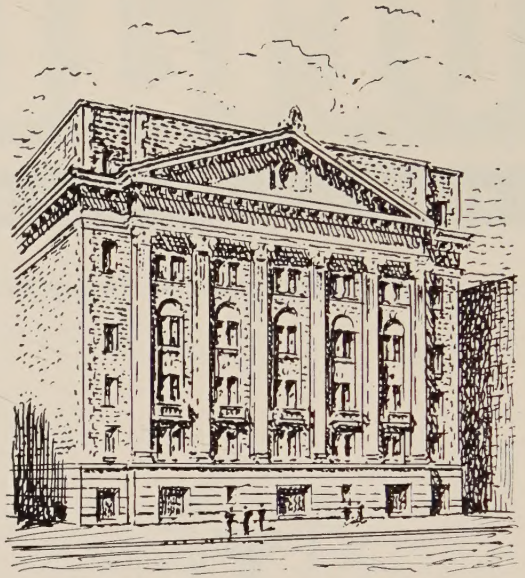
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"35 Years of It"

by

Dr. Preston Bradley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

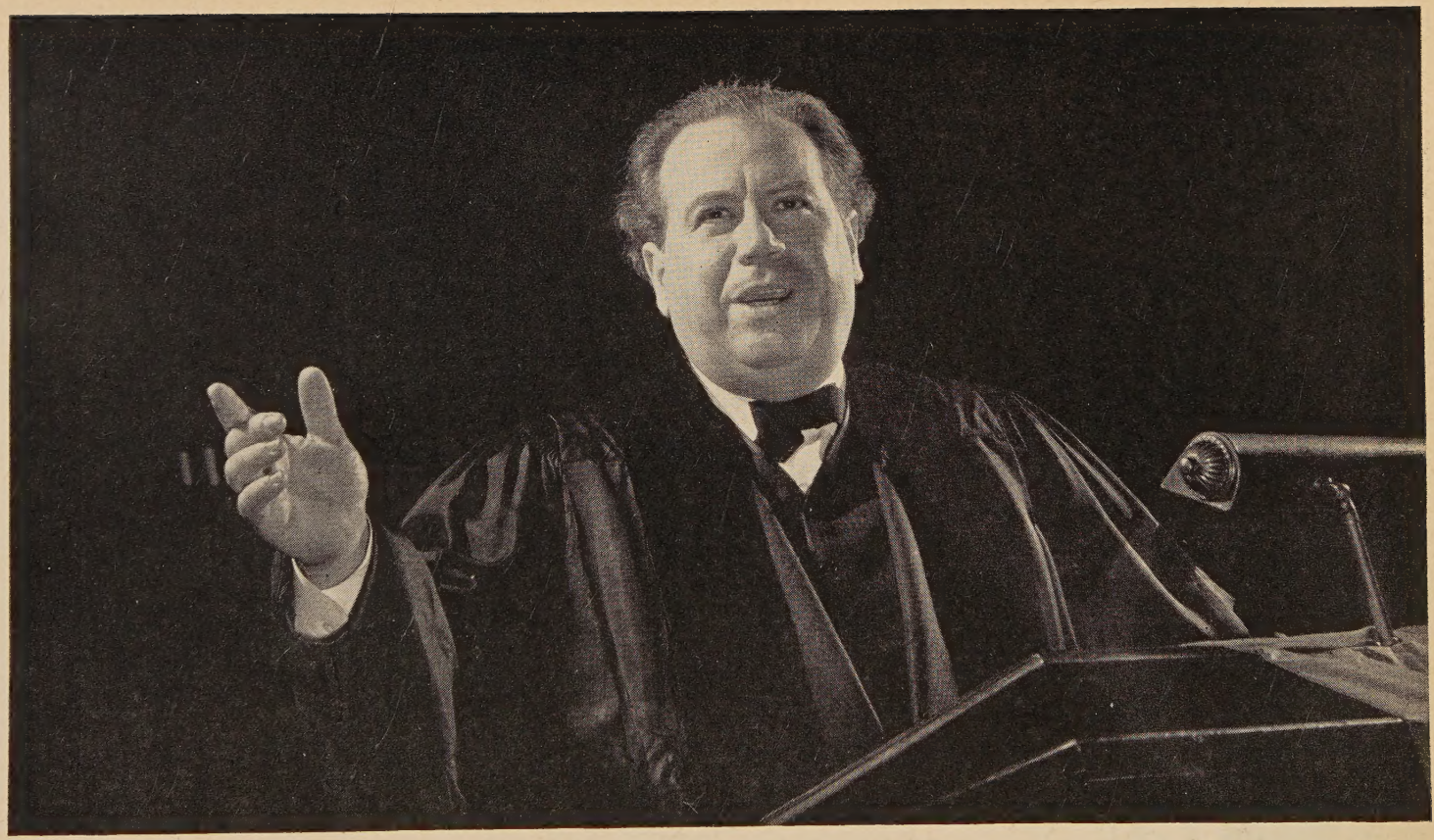
Volume XXV **May, 1947** *Number 2*

GOD'S DREAMS

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

From "Home Roads and Far Horizons"
by Thomas Curtis Clark



Dr. Preston Bradley

"Live a life of faith and hope; believe in the mighty power of Truth and Love."

Wm. Ellery Channing

Photograph by Oeser-Sarra for The American Magazine

The Good, the True, the Beautiful
Our Only Creed

* * *

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

35th YEAR

Sunday Morning Service.....11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter) ..... 7:30 o'clock

Church School of Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 o'clock

* * *

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WLS—Every Morning at 9:30 (Monday through Friday), ABC Network. Over 200 Stations in the U.S. and Canada. "Hymns of All Churches" Program

WGN—Every Evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11:00 to 12:30

In Memoriam

Frank Anderson
Charles C. Crane
George Formanek, Jr.
Robert Osterberg
Tabor Charles Randall
Walter Scott Sexton
Alfred Taylor
H. John Tinling

Virgil Drew Widener
(Military Rank Not Designated)

"I propose to do what little I can in my limited area to see that these dead shall not have died in vain. I am not going to be off-centered by the propaganda of hate. I shall not hate Negroes; I shall not hate Jews; I shall not hate people because of their religion or their race. I shall not hate Roman Catholics; I shall have no part in any campaign of hatred.

"I was born in freedom and I am in debt to every single life that my country has required to be given in my name. The man who is free must give all he can to those who are slaves.

"We can see the ideal, the beauty, the dreams of a better world, the world we can all make—our sacred dead and we who live—together."

P. B.

"THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF IT"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
April 20, 1947

I AM sure that every member of this Church and every person in the congregation this morning, and everyone listening, will understand my feelings as I stand in this pulpit with 35 years of my life back of me, the best years, obviously, of my life, and the greater part of my life. I am sure that each person here could not help but appreciate the fact that this is for me a very nostalgic moment, more nostalgic than I can possibly project or make you feel or understand.

There is no relationship, probably, in this world more sacred than the relationship between a pastor and his people. There is a love that inevitably grows stronger and sweeter as the years pass; there is a deepening of the friendships one has made along the way; there is the always inevitable coming and going of people in and out of one's life. The memories remain but the personalities have gone. There is this constant coming into and going out of every Church. That is the history of all churches. But I have been, and our Church here has been, particularly blessed with the fact that more have stayed than have gone out. Our love for each other, our respect and admiration of each other has deepened with the passing of the years, until I think that probably the highest compensation which I shall have in my heart if I am spared the blessedness of a lovely old age—that aftermath of life in which memory inevitably plays such an important part—will be the memories of my friends. Friendship, probably, is, after all, the crowning jewel of life.

I never remember when I did not want to be a preacher, never. As a small boy in our little village, there was no one in the town any more captivating to me than the preacher. I had an attitude toward preachers that I cannot explain. We had three small churches in our little town of 500 people, which is two too many churches; a Congregational, a Presbyterian and a Methodist church. There was always a certain amount of friendly rivalry, sometimes not so friendly, among these three little churches. My people were in the tradition of the Presbyterians. Now those of you who think that Scotch Presbyterians are the last word in Presbyterianism, and that to be a Scotch Presbyterian is to be *the* Presbyterian, you do not know the Irish Presbyterians, for in that part of Ireland, Ulster, where my father's family came from, they were Irish Presbyterians. That was my boyhood tradition. The minister of that Church, the earliest and first I can remember, was to me the greatest man in the world. And I always went to Church without any compulsion, and I always went to Sunday school, and I united with that Church when I was very young, about ten years old, and in spite of all the heresy of my later theology, it is one of the great inner gratifications of my life that that little Church has never removed my name from its membership roll. I am a member of that Church today and when I go back to that little Church I even preach in it. I am going to speak in it in June again. It was the Church of my childhood, and while my father and mother were always very great liberals, in the highest and best

sense of that word, that was my Church, and I preached my first sermon five miles away from that little Church.

When I say I never remember when I did not want to be a preacher, please don't misunderstand me. I don't want anyone in this fine congregation this morning to think that I was a little angel, and please don't think that I have ever remained an angel. I don't want to give the wrong impression. When I was a boy I knew where every watermelon patch was in our township and I knew what nights they were the ripest, too, and if I were to tell you the number of times that I have been caught in vineyards by the side of Byron Lake, you might disown me. And what I did on Halloween nights!! I could make the best tick-tack that you ever saw in your life, and I knew right where, in the village, the home of my school teacher was, and the very window of the room where she slept. She was a dear saint, but on many a Halloween night I crept up to that window and pulled that tick-tack, a notched spool with a big spike through it and a string rolled around it, and I held that up against the windowpane, and then pulled the string and it would go Brrrrrrr! and then I would run! So I don't mean to imply that I was a little saint, I was not, and I am not now; but sometimes I think the biggest little devils make the best preachers; they probably have some idea of what it is all about, this strange experience of life. But I always wanted to preach.

My family were not particularly anxious to have me be a preacher; my mother never encouraged it, nor did my father, largely because, of course, they were quite limited in their horizon of things. We were very humble, as I have said repeatedly through the years; my father was a blacksmith, my mother a little country girl who never went to school a day after she was fourteen, and my father never after he was fifteen. We knew nothing but hard work and poverty. Great people they were, the greatest I have ever known, the greatest I ever will know. My mother's family was a rather prominent family; they were the Warren family. The uncle was the founder of the Bay City Tribune; he was a banker; also Ambassador to Japan and Ambassador to Mexico, and appointed by President Coolidge Assistant Attorney General of the United States. Charles Beecher Warren made a great name for himself. My grandfather's brother was an Internal Revenue Collector under Abraham Lincoln. They were a great family, and I think they sort of saw the profession of law for me; a public and political life; an understandable ambition in parents, particularly when one branch of the family was taken into consideration. So I gave in for a little while and studied law; I never practiced it; but I studied law, but I could not get away from my ministry. All the time I was a student of law I was preaching in little churches around the community. I don't think there was a Sunday while I was studying law that I did not preach somewhere. Something was speaking to me and I could not get away from that voice. I see in the congregation this morning my blessed and beloved cousin; her mother and my mother were sisters; she is here this morning and I am greatly honored; and she will remember this incident: We had in our little graveyard, where my father and mother rest today and where I hope I can rest, a marble tombstone about four feet high and on it was an open book of marble. Well, I used to take my little sister, who is three years my junior, and get her to round up all of her gang and I would get all of mine, and we would go out to this

cemetery. I was a little lad, of course, and my head would just about show over that Bible on this tombstone, but I would make them sit down in front of me on the graves all around and I would stand up and hold a church service and would preach to them. I have definite recollections of having difficulty in maintaining respectful decorum and I was a little severe. Sometimes the church service would end up in a good row, but I loved it and I never could get away from the appeal of the preacher.

I went on into high school and at 16 won the oratorical championship of the State of Michigan, in their State high school oratorical contest. Perhaps it was the love of speaking. No, that would not have been enough; I could have found that in other channels; that would have been easy. No, it was more than that. As I went into high school and on into college I had difficulty with the orthodoxy of my childhood. I did not like creeds, nor absolutism—the finality of the religion I had known. I did not like its inflexible nature. God seemed so much more to me than just a God of some Church, or some creed and I had difficulty from the beginning with the authorities of theological institutions and in religious denominations. I just loved people; I do yet; I think if there is one thing more than anything else which explains what I have tried to do in the world, it is my love of people, and I like to think of religion as something that belongs to the people; not something bound up in a creed or an institution or an organization or a house or building, or even in an ALTAR; I always felt it was something in the hearts of men and women. So I could not find myself at home, and I could not stay where I felt restricted. I just had to be free; there was something in my soul that asked for it and I could not be coerced; I could not be imprisoned with it. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And I said to myself, "If I am ever going to be a preacher in my somewhat unorthodox attitude, with my heretical philosophy and theology, I shall have to stand alone, and loneliness is difficult, very difficult, and in the early years of this pulpit I was often lonely. The opportunity of this pulpit came in the early years when I was so young and knew so little. When I re-read some of my early sermons of 20, 30, and 35 years ago, I marvel at the survival values of this Church. I had an answer to everything. I knew what was the matter with government, education, religion, preachers, everything. Then I thought all I had to do to set it all right was just to stand up and say things. I am all over that. I thought I would finish the Catholics; they were strongest, so I said, "I will get rid of them first," and I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a Roman Catholic. I thought all I had to do was to get up and tell the world why I was not a Roman Catholic, so I did it. O, those were great sermons, and the last sermon that I preached in that series was answered very effectively by my friend (later) Archbishop Quigley of the Diocese of Chicago, who dedicated one of the finest and newest Catholic Churches just a few blocks from where I was preaching, on that very Sunday. It is still doing well; it will survive even me.

Then I got worried about Spiritualism and Christian Science. I thought, I have just got to put all these things out of business, so in the effervescence of my youth and the dogmatism of youth, for youth is always dogamtic—it is one of its virtues—and in my dogmatism I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a Christian Scientist. Here we were a little group of us, and these Christian Scientists were coming

along thick as they could be, so I preached that series. I discussed the philosophy of reality—they were great sermons, they were wonderful, and after I got through with all that, demolishing Christian Science and putting it out of business, I turned around and married a Christian Scientist and have lived with her for more than thirty-one years. She is going to speak in this pulpit tonight with me. Many of you have never had the opportunity of seeing or hearing Mrs. Bradley, though you have read what she has written. I guess anyone would have to be a Christian Scientist to live with me for thirty-one years; the philosophy might make it possible.

Then I got worried about Spiritualism and I said I will handle that. So, I said, "I guess I will preach a series of sermons and get all the spooks out of the dark." We had a great time with Spiritualism, and on the day of the last sermon, the very last one, a dear little old lady, a lovely little bit of bric-a-brac, her face shining, eyes glistening, came to me after the service and said, "O, Doctor Bradley, it was so beautiful this morning, and all the time you were speaking I could see, standing beside you in the pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher." Then I came to the conclusion, "What's the use; you are not going to meet the problem of religion that way." Then I got excited about politics. William Howard Taft was President of the United States, George V was King of England, Kaiser Wilhelm was Emperor of Germany, so I started out to save the whole world, and it did not work and it was not very long before I realized that I had taken in too much territory and so I confined myself to the United States. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt could not get the nomination away from Taft so he formed his own party and the Progressive Party was born. I said to myself, Theodore Roosevelt, that's the man! And I went out to save the country with Theodore Roosevelt, and we elected Woodrow Wilson! I was a little bit discouraged about that; still covering too much territory, I thought,—and decided to confine myself to the State of Illinois,—and Len Small was elected Governor! Then I decided to concentrate on the City of Chicago and they elected Bill Thompson as Mayor.

So down through these years I have gone along amid changing scenes, with the world four different times turned upside-down, and during these thirty-five years we have looked across the broad plateau where we thought we could see a world of peace. During the two world wars, young men from this Church have gone into the service of this country;—young men who, as babies, I christened and later I have stood by the side of their fathers and mothers when that telegram came, "We regret to inform you. . . ." I have gone through sunshine and tears, I have experienced good and bad times, difficulties and triumphs; long, long nights of worry, dark days; but you have stayed; you have held up my hands through all my faults and imperfections, which were and are many, through all my mistakes of judgment, which have been many; through many wrong ideas and much wrong philosophy; through it all you have said, "There is something down deep, we will discover that." And now as life deepens for me, I am very conscious of the fact that I am facing the sunset, of course I am; and, at the period in the life of the world when I wish I was twenty again, I wish I had fifty years of it left; I wish just at this time, right now, I was beginning all over again. I wish I could accumulate the experience of these years and put it into the heart and mind of a young preacher of about 23 years of age. I wish there were some

way that I could take all the accumulation of the past—I would not have missed any of it, it was all necessary—but I wish there might be a way in which I could pass that accumulation of the years on to some young preacher who will have 35 or 50 years ahead of him.

As my life deepens, I feel so sure that there is an answer to all the controversies, the hatreds, the intolerance, all of the antagonism of people because of color, race, religion; yes, and as applied to nations, to all the consternation and confusion of this hour; I have seen it, I know it, I have been through it, and there is an answer and there is a remedy. On this, the 35th anniversary of my ministry in this pulpit, I say to you that the last of my life shall not be spent in controversies and arguments about the things that separate people; I shall not utter one syllable in a sermon, during whatever there is left of life for me, that will make people dislike or misunderstand each other. During whatever is left of life for me I shall, to the best of my limitations, which are many, seek for those things which unite people rather than the things that divide them. There is an answer to every problem in the world. There is an answer to every troubled life. There is an answer to all the turmoil and confusion, the harshness of life. There is an answer to it which I see. I have known the protective covering of Divine Love. I have been spared; God has been good to me in giving me a body and a heart and a mind that have stood up under the burdens, the tasks and difficulties, and I am so grateful to Him, until I have come to the conclusion that the rest of my ministry must be devoted to God.

I don't believe there is anything more essential or important. I have seen all the organizations of men fail. I went through the first League of Nations, I attended the Conference of the United Nations and saw men sitting at long green-covered tables trying to settle the problems of the world. I am seeing man still anchored to the philosophy that it can be done with organizations and committees and groups. I am seeing man creating a machine, a Machine, a MACHINE, and seeing his mechanistic, materialistic accomplishments all about him catch up with him. I am seeing him in the depths of theories as to relationships, and as to the atomic bomb. I am seeing man building speed, more power, speed, power, speed, power, and it is all catching up with him and it is turning on him. Don't lay it onto God. Don't say these things are the judgments of God: they are not! God is weeping. God did not send them! Man has created them for himself out of his materialism, his greed, his desire for dollar profit systems. Man has brought it all upon himself and on the world, and all this mechanistic theory of materialism is turning on man.

There is still time before it devours and suppresses us. There is still time to find our way back to God; to find our way back to spiritual truth, spiritual things. If you do that, and the spiritual becomes the great emphasis and the great purpose of your life, you won't have to worry about the future of this Church or of this nation. Perhaps we all need to get on our knees. Perhaps that is our greatest need. And so, for the rest of my ministry, I do not know how much there is, that is not in my hands,—but for whatever time is left, I am going to sound the note of God.

There is a way. It will have to be *THE WAY OF CHRIST*. I am not interested in creeds, labels, intellectual distinctions and the niceties of philosophers, I am not interested in all that. Human hearts and human lives are

breaking and the world is being drenched in tears; hearts are war weary and hungry! We must find a way to human hearts, and we must put a vacant chair in the next two conferences either at Moscow or Washington or in London, and when they march into that first meeting to make the peace of the world and they gather and say, "Why, who is going to sit here? What candidate, what foreign minister?" Then let the Church of God, all churches, stop quarreling and as one voice say: *"MAKE WAY FOR THE KING, THE KING OF MEN'S SOULS, THE ONE WHO SAID: 'I AM THE WAY, I AM THE TRUTH, I AM THE LIGHT!'"*

I have come to the conclusion there is no other way.

"ARDEN"

(Because many people ask about the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, which is to them their real home, where body and soul find rest and re-creation, which is such a necessary part of their lives, this article written by Mrs. Bradley while there, for the July, 1924, Liberalist is re-printed.)

THE Island is called "Black Duck Island" ("Gah-Gah-Ge-Sheb"); so named by the Indians of this locality; and that it remains, as a point of location on the lake map, but our home,—I may say the very nature and atmosphere of the place,—is "Arden." We have never held the least doubt but that it was rightly named—this place that seems to us a very near suburb to Heaven.

The enchanted "Forest of Arden" of Shakespearean lore I am sure held no greater lure or satisfying beauty for the heart-weary, soul-tired, city-tired folks than this little spot we call our own holds for us. The tall cedars, giant pines and white birches hold a grandeur and a message that only the ages impart. The ground is soft and "cushiony" with layer upon layer of bark and needles of pine, balsam and cedar which have dropped for no one knows how many years. There is no sound of treading feet as one walks. It is as hushed as thick velvet carpet; and when wet after a rain or in bright afternoon sunshine, the ground is the richest copper color, and smells as sweet as a jar of incense.

There are many varieties of birds here at "Arden." They sing from dawn until dark, and it is a never ending source of pleasure to watch and study them. There are many dear little song-sparrows who sing like canaries, caroling good cheer when we awake in the morning and trilling "All's well" during the fiercest storm. The heavier the downfall of rain the more sprightly the song, sparkling with extra trills and arpeggios. The little chipmunks are of no less interest than the birds. They follow us around like any tame pet, eat peanuts from our hands or go into our pockets after them.

One of the great fascinations of living on an island is being surrounded by water—every direction one looks there is water—now sparkling and rippling in sunshine or moonlight, or placid and mirror-like, holding reflections from afar, seemingly bringing distant shorelines very near; then with changing breeze dashing the waves high and trimming them with whitecaps.

The island is bound by rocks; some huge bowlders piled one upon another; some great flat rocks that one likes to climb out and sit upon; rocks and stones, rough and smooth, some so

large as to form a high bluff, others in low places running out into the water in a point; no hand of man could pile or arrange a rock-bound coast so successfully or so picturesquely that one would not like to change a single stone; —no, only the Master Mason who built this beautful world for us can do that! All day long and all through the night the waves roll in to sing to the rocks, kissing them gently, crooning a drowsy lullaby or playing a game, with the wind and storm dashing them with white foam and spray,—but always singing something endless, and not quite intelligible, but wonderfully good, and witty and wise.

On a little hill above the tangle of trees, where it can overhear all that the waves are saying, and where every breeze that wanders in from the lake can find it, stands the house—a simple, rambling, brown-stained house with white trimming, harmonizing in color and seeming a very part of the huge trunks of dark pine trees and white birches. And if there be a single ray of sunshine in a leaden day, that ray will slant downward upon this house, peeping in at a window some place, glorifying even a plain room, filling it with golden light or rosy glow.

There are more windows than wall space—great casement windows that swing in, letting in plenty of the fresh, sweet air, aromatic with the breath of balsam and pine, flowering bush and wild rose. From every window the lake can be seen through a lace-work of branches, or open spaces affording a broader view.

In this sheltered nook the storms of the outer world are not forgotten, but they seem very far away and unreal. This is a place for quiet thoughts, for beauty and laughter, for pure enjoyment, as one enjoys simple things in childhood; a place to get acquainted with one's self and pluck out the city-grown weeds of worry and care and all the petty things that choke the soul growth, and make room for God to sow a few seeds that grow and bloom best in quiet places.

Here our days are pretty well balanced with work and play, shifted according to mood; if fishing is good today we play today and work tomorrow and vice versa. Sometimes we board our boat and start up the lake with no special point in view, (57 miles long is Lake Vermilion, with 365 islands and, with 1,000 miles of shoreline it gives one a chance to travel and never grows monotonous) and we travel miles and miles, seeing wild ducks—old mother ducks with anywhere from ten to twenty-four youngsters in their broods—paddling around quiet bays, lining up like small regiments and fairly scampering over the water at sound of our boat, blue heron with their storklike legs and long bills, flying low over the water, eagles screeching high over forest trees, large sea gulls soaring in the air, their white wings looking like sail boats against the blue sky; and not infrequently we surprise a deer which has come through the woods to the water's edge to drink.

When we tire of cruising or feel hungry, we land and make a camp fire; —do you know the appetizing aroma of coffee boiling and bacon frying crisp over a camp fire? If you do not, no words are coined that can tell you!

The trees, the birds, the waves, singing, chanting, gurgling by day and by night, bring their message to one I know who breathes it in with every breath he draws, and when he goes back to that world far removed from the shores of "Arden" he will give to the people who are attuned to understand, the message which has been whispered to him.

G. T. B.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

(This article by Dr. Bradley, on "What Is a Liberal?" is quoted from Volume I No. I of The Liberalist, April, 1924, and is our Editorial for this Church Anniversary number.)

HOW many of our opinions represent our own efforts to know and recognize the truth about any subject? Thinking as an individual experience has never been a popular procedure, and the individual who "thinks for himself" has always been the recipient of antagonism and condemnation by the type of mind incapable of sustained individual effort.

One of the words being bandied about with a tragic abandonment of its real meaning is the word "liberal." A Liberal, when speaking in terms of its philosophical significance, is one who entertains an open mind toward all the problems involved in this experience of life. A true Liberal can never assume an attitude of impregnability toward any theory, ideal, creed, race, individual, church or system. A true Liberal can never say "You are wrong if you do not see this matter through my eyes and comprehend it with my mind." A true Liberal never permits his intellectual variances to obscure those attractive qualities of heart and life of those who disagree with him. A true Liberal will never willingly injure his fellow-man of whatever belief. A true Liberal will never be the assassin of another's character. A true Liberal will never retaliate the "unchristian" attacks of those who are professing to be "like Christ."

Bigotry is an ignoble attitude whether it be manifested by a "modernist" or a "fundamentalist." I have known bigots in both camps. One is no more attractive than the other. A true Liberal will never become a self-constituted judge to decide the "Christianity" of any man.

A true Liberal is never afraid that any discovery of science, any achievement of the inventor, any verdict of the time-records of rock or tomb, or any law of biology, or verdict of the science of anthropology, can take away from the Creator the power and beauty of His being. The telescope increases our vision of God and the microscope reveals his consideration of the minute. All is His handiwork. Evolution does not impress me as decreasing our

esteem, but as magnificently widening our vision of the God behind it all. Such is the mental attitude of the Liberal.

What a pity men cannot differ theologically and yet be united in "the bonds of the spirit." If one fraction of the energy wasted in argument could be spent in helping to solve the urgent problems of the world which are daily becoming more acute, we would have a different condition today. Did Jesus have anything to say about these problems? Is following Him only to be construed as assenting to a theological belief about Him? Did He say anything in a prayer about "Thy Kingdom come on earth?" Why make Jesus always a theologian by selecting those utterances which can be interpreted with their theological significance? Why a one-sided Jesus? Why emphasize the speculative and philosophical and not the pragmatic? He had a definite message for the economic and moral conditions of His day. That message was true, therefore it is universal and applicable to every age.

The Liberal is concerned with Christianity as a way and not a creed—as a life and not a system. The true Liberal will work with any organization that tries to make articulate the voice of Jesus in this age to help solve the problems of the here and now. He will gladly acknowledge any genius of humanity who has tried to touch life with a starward impulse. With the Liberal the *cause* is supreme and not the theory. The performance is imperative and not the promise.

The other evening I spoke at a gathering of 1500 men and women who had been brought together by the desire to preserve for posterity the remnant of the Out-of-Doors of the America of our ancestors; conservation of our natural resources, our animals, birds and fishes; of our forests, lakes and streams. This was the inspiration of the gathering. The list of speakers comprised a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish Rabbi, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Lutheran minister, an Ethical Culturist and a Unitarian. During the whole affair there was not one discord, no intimation of theological differences, no personal anomosities, the very environment was inspiring. We were all solidified by the unity of one great ideal.

More than once during the evening this thought came to me: "If all the warring and wrangling Christians, with their plans, creeds, isms, theories, and the attendant bitterness, could all be forgotten, while in the unity of the great need, all of us together of whatever creed, simply took this attractive position—'I shall believe what I feel to be true about this or that in religion, but I shall unite with my fellowman in trying to make this a better world in which to live; I shall respect his honest convictions on matters of religion; I shall not harass him or falsely accuse him with my own judgments; I shall gladly recognize his right of individual opinion, and his freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and I shall cooperate with him in every way—for after all, he may be right!' "

All this to me is what it means to be a Liberal.

Preston Bradley.

BOOK CHATS

WANTING to get a reaction from the listening audience to my Wednesday evening book reviews which I give throughout the year (except for my summer vacation period) over radio station WGN in Chicago, I asked for an expression as to whether they enjoyed these Wednesday evening book talks. I thought perhaps our "Liberalist" readers might like to know the result of that request. The letters just started pouring in, and out of the hundreds of letters received there was only one indifferent note, from a woman who preferred "Question Box" broadcasts. There were letters from librarians, some from small towns, and from members of library boards, who said the reviews helped them greatly in making selections for their libraries; letters from the general reading public, who said it was so difficult to select good books from all the welter of books published and on the market; many said they had bought the books I reviewed and recommended, and never once had they been disappointed in the selection. All these letters were very heart-warming, for of course I have loved books all my life, even before I was able to read for myself, and to me it would be a dead world without books—it would most certainly be the dark ages. First in this Book Chat I am bringing to your attention two books which you might think from their titles would have been written by religionists. One is written by a distinguished Scientist of America, the other by an internationally known French Scientist. And I say very emphatically that I think every thinking person should read these two books. Of course one of the characteristics of these days is a renewal of interest all along the line in religion. It is evidenced everywhere and most particularly by the increased attention which the secular daily press is giving it and also by the number of Coast-to-Coast radio programs of an exceptionally high order and of great artistic merit in radio. Then when a magazine like the Reader's Digest will publish the article which it did in the December number, written by the distinguished scientist A. Cressy Morrison, and another article in the March number written by Fulton Oursler, called "God's Newest Witness —A Biologist," it surely is proof that people are becoming more interested in religion than perhaps ever before. That is why I am bringing these two books to your attention; the first, "Man Does Not Stand Alone" by Mr. Morrison. This is the book out of which the December article was condensed for The Reader's Digest. It is not a big book. There are only 107 pages, but it is a priceless book, and one which those who are having difficulties and doubts about religion ought to read. Mr. Morrison is past president of the New York Academy of Sciences and the American Institute of the City of New York and a member of the Executive Board of the National Research Council; a fellow of the American Museum of Natural History and a life member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. When a man of his intellectual and scientific understanding writes a book in which one can use his reason in strengthening his faith, it is an event. What he shows in the book is that the wonders of the relation of nature and man and the

existence of life itself would have been impossible, without a supreme intelligence and a definite purpose, and he maintains, and I think quite rightly, that this purpose is to prepare the soul of man for immortality. The book is dedicated to the distinguished Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who is pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of the City of New York, and to whom the basic purpose of the book was submitted.

This book is written for the average person. It deals accurately with the facts of nature. It is the work of a scientist and gives an almost unbelievable amount of information for so small a volume. But its reverent approach is such that one's faith in God is strengthened, the foundations are deepened and one finishes the book with a feeling that the existence of a Supreme Being is demonstrated in such a way that without that existence life itself would be impossible. If you want to read a book by a scientist which will prove that "Man Does Not Stand Alone," this is the book. The last paragraph is a prayer: "O God, lead us along the path of Thy great design. Lift us into spiritual harmony with each other. Give us the ability to become a part of the progress toward spiritual perfection. Lead us into Thy service and thus make us instruments in the execution of Thy will."

* * *

Now the other book is written by Lecomte du Nouy, an internationally famous scientist. His book, "Human Destiny," is a brilliant new interpretation of evolution, and expresses a startling theory of man's place in the universe. According to the March number of the Digest, in which you may read Mr. Oursler's account of the book, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics, says that it is a book of such fundamental grasp and insight as cannot be expected to appear more than once or twice in a century. He says further that it is thoroughly constructive from the standpoint of both science and religion; that in this book he set himself the task of showing by strictly scientific reasoning the fundamental fallacies of the materialistic philosophy; that no one before du Nouy has done this, so far as he knows, and no one could even attempt the task unless he was familiar with modern findings in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and philosophy.

This book tells us that man is not on this earth by chance alone, and presents convincing arguments to show that even life itself could not be here at all merely by the laws of pure chance. According to the author's thesis it would seem that man has now completed his biological evolution and is just beginning his moral evolution. And Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, of Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, expresses his opinion of the book thus: "One of those rare and exceptional books that may well mark a new epoch in the study of the development of man . . . It would be my judgment," says Dr. Peale, "that 'Human Destiny' will finally be enrolled among the great volumes which have stimulated human progress."

The book is simply written and technical terms have been avoided, but it brings to light new interpretations. It should be read slowly, and many passages should be read more than once. After describing the "shrinking earth" and how man's inventions have speeded up civilization, the author closes with this paragraph: "Let every man remember that the destiny of mankind is incomparable and that it depends greatly on his will to collaborate

in the transcendant task. Let him remember that the Law is, and always has been, to struggle, and that the fight has lost nothing of its violence by being transposed from the material onto the spiritual plane; let him remember that his own dignity, his nobility as a human being, must emerge from his efforts to liberate himself from his bondage and to obey his deepest aspirations. And let him above all never forget that the divine spark is in him, in him alone, and that he is free to disregard it, to kill it, or to come closer to God by showing his eagerness to work with Him, and for Him."

* * *

Every intelligent person who is sincerely desirous of knowing what is happening in the world and wants to interpret accurately events, never misses an opportunity to read as many sides of a controversial issue as possible. That is one of the reasons I am bringing to your attention a book published March 16th of this year. It is entitled "The Struggle For The World." The author is James Burnham and the John Day Company are the publishers.

A word about the writer. James Burnham was born here in Chicago in 1905. In 1927 he was graduated from Princeton University with the highest scholastic average in his class. Thereafter he spent several years in Europe studying at Oxford and traveling extensively on the continent. Since 1929 he has been on the faculty of New York University, teaching most of the time in the department of Philosophy, but with temporary assignments in Comparative Literature and, during the war, in Mathematics. He is a member also of the Economic Faculty of the Graduate School of Banking. From 1930 to 1934 he and Philip Wheelwright edited "The Symposium," a critical and philosophical quarterly which is ranked by a recent study of little magazines at the top of its field. He also wrote with Mr. Wheelwright, the "Introduction to Philosophical Analysis." These biographical references I am giving you now might lead someone to say, "Oh, well, there's just another highbrow philosopher, impractical idealist, trying to settle the problems of the world." Well, if you have formed that opinion, dismiss it at once, for Mr. Burnham could qualify in no such category. During 1930 he was active in the Unemployed and Trade Union Movements and in the attempt to build a new revolutionary Communist party, independent of the official Stalinist party of Russia. He edited the New International, then generally recognized as the foremost theoretical Marxist journal, and he wrote widely for labor and radical papers, but he had never accepted the general philosophy of Marxism, and in 1940 after an extended controversy with Leon Trotsky, he broke with every variety of Communism. This record certainly indicates that he has had practical contact with the problems with which he has been concerned. Do you remember his book "The Managerial Revolution," published in 1941, a book which formulates a theory of the nature of the social revolution of our time; and then in 1941 he published "The Machiavellians," which analyzes the laws of political and social life as they have been developed by Machiavelli and by Pareto, Mosca, Michels and other modern scientists working in that tradition.

Now we have from Mr. Burnham this new book, "The Struggle For the World." Whether we agree with his thesis or not, the fact is, if we want to be informed on what is happening in the world, this is the kind of book

we cannot ignore nor neglect. In presenting the book the publishers "recognize the world crisis is acute, almost immediate. Its elements are the development of a global economy, the breakdown of the international political order, and the existence of atomic weapons. A world federation is essential to prevent mass, total, world war." And you notice the word "federation" is used rather than government or empire. "Man's noblest ideal is a world society of equals, the free, cooperative union of all mankind." Mr. Burnham believes that a necessary stride toward that goal will be a genuine world government. But even that is not yet possible. Now what are the alternatives as he sees them? One is the conquest of the whole world by the communists, resulting in a final World Federation of Soviet Republics. The other is a democratic world order, led by the United States and, thinking realistically, this democratic world order backed at the moment by the atomic bomb. And if some of the scientists most active in the development of the atom bomb know what they are talking about, they tell us that there is less than five years before the other great powers will have what we have and possibly more. Mr. Burnham attempts to show in this book, and I am bringing it to your attention as a point of view and one that should be considered and known, that unless the United States makes a sharp break with some of its own traditional policies in regard to these matters, they have no policy except a hopeless policy of vacillation. I quote him now directly, when he says: "It may be that the darkness of great tragedy will bring to a quick end the short, bright history of the United States—for there is enough truth in the dream of the new world to make the action tragic. And the summons is for nothing less than the leadership of the world, for that or nothing. If it is reasonable to expect failure, that is only a measure of how great the triumph could be."

The book from the point of view of logical presentation of his argument is most acceptable. It is not a large book, I might say; there are only 248 pages; but he divides it into four parts: "Part I.—The Problem; Part II.—What Ought To Be Done; Part III.—What Could Be Done; and Part IV.—What Will Be Done." Every thoughtful person will agree that there is a logical pattern under which to develop his ideas. So many of our opinions and ideas are only the outcroppings of our prejudices and our inherited attitudes that it is refreshing and stimulating to come in contact with a new approach to this old and yet very modern problem. In his final paragraph, on the final page, he says: "The United States must choose. When the cry of the drowning man has once been heard, it does no good to stop our ears. There is no way of release from the awful responsibility of choice; Pilate's refusal to choose is also, we know, a choice. Individual men, through the mystery of what our theologians call God's grace, if they fail once, are always given another chance, a chance to repent and choose again. This does not seem to be the law of the history of societies. History offers each of its great challenges only once. After only one failure, or one refusal, the offer is withdrawn. Babylon, Athens, Thebes, Alexandria, Madrid, Vienna sink back, and do not rise again. Nor is there any prior bargaining over the terms and the time of the challenge." This book, in this hour, presents a definite point of view, and one which cannot be ignored in the arduous thorn-beset pathway toward the goal of peace. P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN I look back over the thirty-five years of my husband's ministry in The Peoples Church, my thoughts and emotions fairly whirl in amazement as I recall the milestones with the many things marking his achievements—the steady progression, with never a backward step—always forward.

Nothing that has happened since has ever seemed greater or brought more joy than the first big step made at the close of his first year as a Liberal minister (having his church at Arcola Hall, with the group of friends who came with him from the Church of Providence after resigning his pastorate there) when, with an enlarging congregation, he moved to the Wilson Avenue Theatre, the largest and finest auditorium on the north side at that time. That was in October of 1913. (Incidentally it was during that first year in Arcola Hall, in the spring in fact, that I came into his life, and we were married in 1915.)

How well I remember that first service in the Wilson Avenue Theatre, with a sizable congregation, well known and important north side people among them, a number of whom became members before the month was out and who remained loyal interested workers for many years—some to the close of their lives—some still with us.

Then early in the winter there was that great Sunday when we were obliged to throw open the balcony, with people crowding into the service. The minister and we members (who were special friends) were delighted beyond expression and thought the heights had been reached! From that time on every seat was filled and more Sundays than not people stood around the walls and crowded in corners or wherever they could get foot space. That summer of 1914 our pastor took his first trip to Europe; a check to cover his travel expenses was given him by the Woman's Club of the church. He was in Paris when the war broke out in August. His experiences during that period influenced and broadened his thought and work to a great degree. He came home to preach with such fervor and earnestness—more and more people came to listen—he began to be quoted in the press—invited to speak at large and important gatherings. The Peoples Church became an important voice, not alone in religious circles but also in civic and world affairs.

In 1917 Preston Bradley could not enlist in the armed service of his country when we got into the war because the government wanted him to speak at bond drives and patriotic meetings all over the Middle West. He was the means of raising millions of dollars in government bonds. The Wilson Avenue Theatre could no longer house the numbers who crowded every Sunday service. It was necessary for the trustees to find a larger home for The Peoples Church and the Pantheon Theatre on Sheridan Road being built at that time was leased by them for Sunday mornings. This was a very beautiful auditorium and the largest

in the city, seating approximately 3,000. The first Sunday in October, 1917, the church held its first service there. (The theatre held its opening only the night before.) This I would say was the second big step in our church history.

The organizations of the church held their meetings in halls in the neighborhood, finally furnishing one for their exclusive use, naming it "Channing Hall." This was the work of the Woman's Club. They invited the other organizations and the Board of Trustees and even the Sunday School to meet there. It gave us a feeling of hominess—and possession—and I have always believed kindled the fire of enthusiasm in each heart with determination to have a church home of our own.

Time marched on! The years during the Great War and following it were difficult years—fraught with much worry and sorrow. All our men were in the armed service, leaving only the elderly men and the women to carry on. Even the ushers were women. The church never failed to give help where help was needed, with our pastor a tower of strength, comfort, and inspiration to all. We worked hard, and hoped and dreamed—ever realizing as did our pastor—as he often told us—that dreams do not come true by just happening. We have to work to make them come true!

From the first service in 1912 Dr. Bradley had held the dream of some day building his own church. Now property was purchased on Lawrence Avenue a few steps from Sheridan Road. This dream was about to be realized, but first came the radio! It was a progressive step indeed for a church to broadcast its Sunday morning services. This we did in 1924. Central Church was the only other Chicago church broadcasting, and now radio history states that The Peoples Church has the longest consecutive broadcast of any church in the United States and the Hooper Poll gives The Peoples Church the highest rating (the largest listening audience) of any Chicago religious or church broadcast on any station at any hour for the Sunday morning service broadcast!

June 14, 1925, the long remembered Sunday dawned, very warm, with brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky. The Pantheon was crowded at the morning service when at the close of the benediction Dr. Bradley stepped down from the platform, joined by Mr. Anderson, the president, and the other trustees, followed by the robed choir, and then the vast congregation. Up the aisle they marched, our beautiful American flag born by two young men leading the way; down Sheridan Road they went to the property on Lawrence Avenue where a platform had been erected to hold the choir and the speakers. After a prayer asking God's blessing on his work and what we were about to do, Dr. Bradley took the shovel handed him by Mr. Anderson and dug into the "good earth," breaking the ground for his church to be built! I do not know whether this meant as much to others as it did to Dr. Bradley and myself, but to us this was a most sacred and impressive service—to lift out the first shovelful of earth where excavations would be dug for the foundation of the church to be built! Later on the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone was equally impressive—and so —we had taken great steps forward!

Finally came that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, October 10, 1926, when the first service was held in the finished building—The Peoples Church was a reality in brick and stone, that had long been the dream in our hearts! The

Peoples Church is an honored name—the pulpit is a voice—a voice whose influence spreads over every state in the union and farther—into foreign lands—a voice rising from a heart unchanged with the years—always true, honest and humble—his ideas broadened, his vision clearer, his ideals more spiritual; the same warmth in his smile and handclasp that has ever been characteristic of this man who is loved and respected by people in all walks of life and with a multitude of friends—this man—the Pastor of The Peoples Church these thirty-five years.

I have gone beyond my allotted space and have yet not paid him the tribute he merits! In closing I can only pray God bless him and give him strength to carry on the work He has given him to do—and give him to us who love him for a long, long time to come!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR MARCH

2—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
3—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Council on Foreign Relations
Radio address. WGN
Address. Business Men's Assn., Milwaukee, Wisc.
4—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
5—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Chicago Council Committee
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
6—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Commencement Address. Dale Carnegie Institute, Milwaukee, Wisc.
7—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Standard Club
Radio address. WGN
8—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
10—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. County Building
Annual Meeting. Peoples Church
11—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
12—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
13—Radio address. WLS
Address. Food Products Club
Radio address. WGN
14—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Chicago Council on International Relations
Radio address. WGN
Address. Community Meeting, Mundelein, Ill.
16—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
17—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
18—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. PTA, Sullivan High School
19—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Adolph Krause of B'nai Brith
20—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
21—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Uptown Chicago Boys Club
23—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
24—Radio address. WLS

Radio address. WGN
25—Radio address. WLS
Address. National Restaurant Assn. Convention
Radio address. WGN
26—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Meeting. Board of Trustees, Peoples Church
27—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
28—Radio address. WLS
Address. 25th Anniversary Izaac Walton League of America
Radio address. WGN
Invocation. Izaac Walton League Banquet
29—Address. Izaac Walton League of America
30—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
31—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Lenten Service. Erlanger Theatre
Lenten Service. Peoples Church

CHRISTENINGS

9—Philip Gladwyn Boyce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gladwyn Boyce
22—Patricia Ann Shields, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Shields

WEDDINGS

1—Sam Weingrad and Bertha Stoben
4—Edgar Francis Long and Alma Edna Jalass
7—Daniel L. Heftel and Helen Avery Suter
12—Harley A. Huskey and Mrs. Florence Caird Bell
15—Robert Frank Goders and Dorothy Karp
Roy Burmeister and Ruth Schaberg
16—Edward H. Yons and Lucille Diercks
17—Ray Pieroth and Ruth Hilton
22—Potter D. Waller and Marilyn B. Byers

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Fannie Weiss
6—Mrs. Margaret J. Dean
7—Mrs. Frances Yarnell
10—Lydia H. Hamilton
11—Charles Lister
18—Mathilda Schempp
19—Ralph B. Whitney
21—Cora E. Appel
22—Patricia Ann Shields
27—Walter S. Aagaard
28—Dan Sigworth
29—Frances Hameke
31—Charles H. Weiss
Miss Anna Johnson

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)
Tuesday, May 6, at 12:30 p.m., the Woman's Club will hold their Spring Luncheon at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Music by Marimbo "Mac's" Duo, Joyce and Jean McWethy. Honored Guests to be announced..... 12:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, Anderson Hall)
Thursday, May 22, the club is sponsoring a church dinner and philanthropic party in Anderson Hall. Everyone welcome..... 6:30 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting May 26. Program to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB (Meets 4th Tuesday each month, Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting May 20..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB (Meets on notice)
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School (Meets 2nd Monday each month, Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting May 12..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir., 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Drama Tea first Sunday each month, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.
Membership Auditions second Sunday each month, 1642 N. Clark St... 3:00 p.m.
"Spotlight" second Tuesday each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
New production opens first Saturday each month. For details see page 23.

THE CHANNING CLUB (Meets every other Monday in Bradley Hall)
Joan Pink, Pres., 4608 Hazel St., Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187 (Meets every Thursday in Anderson Hall) 7:00 p.m.
Betty Boaz, Leader

CUB PACK No. 3864 of BOY SCOUTS (Meets every fourth Friday in Anderson Hall)
Gil Miller, Leader, 832 Montrose Ave. Rav. 5531.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service..... 11:00 to 12:30 p.m.

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations) Monday through Friday ..... 9:30 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark St., Michigan 7766

May Production

"HAY FEVER"

By Noel Coward

This popular comedy is being revived by the

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Starring J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

Saturday evenings, May 3, 10, 17, and 31, and

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at the

Eleventh St. Theater

62 E. 11th St.

CURTAIN 8:30

May Drama Tea

Two one act plays

Directed by

Isabel White and Allisen Davis

Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church

Sunday, May 4

4 p.m.

May Spotlight

Dorothy Christman

will present a recital version of

"HARRIET"

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Tuesday evening, May 13

June Production: "Junior Miss"

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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